

I left nothing on the table. If Strava suggested I'd given less than 100%, I'd want a refund!

It's been a full week since I've had a real ride; Tuesday I felt bad enough (in the middle of this cold or whatever it was that wasn't Covid) that I took out Kevin's ebike, and Thursday I got all dressed up and down to the garage in time to ride, but decided it wouldn't be much fun, hacking my way up the hill. The hacking fortunately began to subside and by Saturday it was feeling I could actually ride a bike again. Actually, I was still commuting to work by bike, partly just to prove I could, partly because I needed a reference point for how I was feeling.

This morning got off to a good start by watching the cycling World Road Race championship, which conveniently ended just prior to when Kevin and I needed to meet up with the other Kevin (ex pilot) in Woodside.

No chance of anything epic, just over the hill via Old LaHonda and back Tunitas Creek. The two Kevins quickly ditched me on Old LaHonda, ex-pilot Kevin showing form I haven't seen from him in some time. They also caught a break at the Old LaHonda traffic signal, catching it green, while I got it just as it had turned red, so had to wait a few minutes.

It was handy having ex-pilot along; he pulled pretty much the entire way to the coast. For that we took care of his request for sparkling mineral water at the San Gregorio General Store, where the only choice was a brand from... Mexico? But he said it was good, and any concern about extra bathroom breaks was unfounded.

On Tunitas, we had a favorable breeze and near-perfect temps for climbing, which younger Kevin took advantage of. I let him know that we hit the Bike Hut on schedule for early entry into the forest, so he went to the front and drilled it. Ex-pilot came unglued around Los Lobitos Cut-off; I lasted about half a mile longer. Told Kevin it was time to say good-bye so he could fly up the hill. And fly he did, in the end getting a new PR, beating one from a number of years ago I think. And me? Ex-pilot passed me on the climb and steadily pulled away, but apparently, on the upper less-steep section, I was closing in on him and finished less than 30 seconds behind. For me, best time in almost exactly a year, and given how I'd been feeling previously, this felt great.